





CUPIDS 142
MASTER-PIECE

O R,
The Free-School of Witty and
Delightful Complements.

BEING,
The Art of Love Refined: and augmented
with divers new, pleasant, and delightful com-
ments and discourses of Love. With sundry p-
asant and amorous Songs and Sonnets. As also
fies for Rings, Handkerchiefs, Gloves, and o-
things, for benefit and delight of young Men
Maids. With divers other pretty fancies and
tales, full of Delight and variety of Wit.



*When Hearts and Hands united are,
What joy With Love then can compare.*

London, Printed for John Andrews, at the White
at the Upper end of the Old-Baily.



Cupids Master-Piece.

A brief Description of true Love.



True Love is a pretious treasure,
Rich delight, unvalued pleasure ;
Mens harts like to a Maze intertwining
Two firm minds in one combining
Foe to faithles vovves perfidious,
True Love is a knot Religious,
Dead to the sins that flaming rise,
Through beauties soul seducing eyes,
Deaf to gold-inchanting Witches,
Loves for Vertue, not for riches.
Such is true Loves boundless measure ;
True Love is a pretious treasure,
This is Love, and worth commending,
Still beginning, never ending.
Like a wily Net insnarling,
Like a Round shuts up all squaring ;
In and out, whose every Angle,
More and more doth still intangle.
Keeps a measure still in moving,
And is never Light, but loving.
Twining armes, exchanging kisses,
Each pertaking others blisses.
Laughing, weeping, still together,
Bliss in one, is mirth in either.
Never breaking, ever bending,
This is Love ; and worth commending.

Cupids Master-Picce,

Instructions for Lovers :

Teaching them, how to demean themselves towards their Sweet hearts.

You must not accost them with a shug, as if you were lowlye: With, your Ladie, sweet Ladie, or most super-excellent Ladie: neither must you let your words come rumb-ling forth, ushered in with a good full month's oath, as I love you: But you must speak the ever-coming language of Love, I do not mean these strange Pedantick phrases, used by some gallants who (aim at wit but make themselves stark asses by it) praise their Mistresses by the Sun, Moon, or Stars; whilst the poor Girls imagine, they mean the signes their Percers or Perfumers live at. But you must in fine gentle words, deliver your true affection: praise your Mistres Eyes, her Lip, her Chin, her Nose, her Neck, her Face, her Hand, her Foot, her Leg, her Wasse, her every thing; and leade your Lillies and your Roses, for your Countre Froes to make Poslegates with.

Thoughts	}	c	}	}	Valued	}
Searching					Love	

A merry sportive and Delightful Discourse, between a young Gallant, and a curious conceited Lady.

Gent. **L**adie, what think you of a handsome man now?

Lady. And a wholesome too, Sir.

Gent. That's as you make your bargain; a handsome, wholesome man then, and a kinde man, to cheere up your heart, and to lie close to you, to keepe you warm; and get two boyes at a birth.

Lady. Two at a birth, that's nothing Sir, I have known a Coblent, a poore thin Coblent, out of monney cheese, brown bread, and turneps, do as much as that: He thinks a Gentleman should scorn to have a poore Mechanick Coblent out-do him.

Gent. What, then you would have me get two dozen at a birth, like Buttons.

Lady. You do well to brag Sir, but if you perform this at your marriage, then I will say you are a man indeed.

Gent. You are a merry Gentlewoman, and may make a good wife.

Lady. Not for you Sir, for then I may chance to get nothing: in what a state am I then Sir?

Gent. But for all this, I know you love to
hear of a good husband.

Lad. You say true Sir, for by my troth I ha. be
heard of none this ten years. they are so rare, that
there are a great many longing women upon
their knees, to pray for the dropping down of
good husbands from heaven, because there's none
upon earth.

Gent. But tel me Lady, can you love a man?

Lad. Yes, if the man be lovely, honest, and
modest.

Gent. Then I am the man must make you
a wife.

Lad. You make me a wife, no Sir no.

Gent. Ay a wife, a wife I say; you need not
be ashamed on it, for its the best calling a wo-
man can come to.

Lad. I grant it Sir, but I mean not to be
your wife.

Gent. Not mine. I beleibe it will be the best
bargain thou wilt ever make in thy life.

Lad. Sir, I do beleibe you look after wealth,
and I mean to have one that will love and re-
spect me for my vertues.

Gent. Wealth yes by my troth, I must have
lands, and Lordships too Lady.

Lad. Cry ye mercie Sir, I mistok you all
this while. did not you say it was for love.

Gent. True, but there's two words to a bar-
gain

Extras Master-Piece.

gain all the world over; and if love be one, I
am sure money is the other, else its no bargain;
pardon me Lady. I must dine as well as sup.

Lad. When Sir you may trie your fortune,
for I am resolved never to be your wife; and so
farewel.

A Song for Maids.

MAids they are grown so coy of late,
Forsooth they will not marry.

Though they be in their teens & past,

They say they yet can tarry:

But if they knew how sweet a thing,

It were in youth to marry,

They would sell their Petticoats,

(Smocks and all,

Ere they so long would tarry.

The Lass that is most coy of all,

If she had time and leisure,

Would lay by all her several thoughts,

And turn to love and pleasure.

Winter nights are long you know,

And bitter cold the weather,

Then who is so fond to lie alone,

When two may lye together.

A merry complementall woing between two
jeering Lovers.

Man. **F**airest of all faire, will you eat a
piece of Ginger-bread?

Maid. You might have moze manne. 6. or at
least



Cupids Malter-Piece.

least moze civillitie, then to scott at her that never injured you.

Man. Scott, nay, indeed I love you, I bowe I burn in love like some peny flagot.

Maid. St. Winitrid forbid it man may I beleve it?

Man. Ay and though I say it that should not, I am affected towards you strangely, there's some thing like thy self comes every night to my beds side.

Maid. And to me every morning, a voice utters these words; Matrimony, Matrimony.

Man. How do I shake all over, and doubt its some spirit that would join us.

M. Goodly great ones, may I beleve this also.

Man. What not beleve, Ladie I am wholly and solely yours, yea, moze then this; your servants, servant.

Maid. How you contradi your self Sir, how can you be wholly mine, and yet my servants servant?

Man. I do but complement in this Ladie: But if thou canst love me, I can love thee; law thee now, I am rich.

Mai. Sir, I look not after riches but the person, I must have one that can guide me, so, I am foolish yet.

Man. How see the luck of it Ladie, I am so too, but doubt not this needle shall perform all I warrant. I am rich.

Maid.

Capitall Matter-Piece.

Maid. But riches create no love, by my virginittie, I fear you will flinch.

Man. By my virginittie, which is as good as yours, I am sure by my virginittie, if we men have any such thing as we have, I will not flinch.

Maid. When so, the time to come, you must not so much as cast a cheere eye after any woman but my self.

Man. If I do at any time, then may I lose one of mine own eyes, but Ile keep the other howeever.

Maid. Well sir, Ile take your word.

A Sonnet in praise and dispraise of Love.

NOW what is Love, I will thee tell,
It is the Fountain and the Well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
And it is like a Passing Bell,
That rowls all in to Heaven or Hell:

This is Love, and this is Love, I here thee tell.
Now what is Love, I will thee show,
A thing that creeps where't cannot go,
A prize that passeth too and fro,
A thing for me, a thing for mo;
And he that tries shall finde it so:

This is love, and this is love, sweet friend I tro.
A merry cross woing, betweene Tom the Tailor,
and Kate of the Kitchin.

Tom. **G**ODD morrow Kate, so, that I hear
Is your name.

Kate.

Cupid's Master-Piece.

Kate. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing, they call me Katherine that talk of me.

Tail. You lie in faith, for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst; but Kate take this of me for thy comfort, I am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Moved, in good time, let him that moved you hither remove you hence, I thought you were a moveable.

Tail. Why what's a moveable?

Kate. A Joint-stool.

Tail. Right, thou hast hit it; come sit on me then.

Kate. Sit on you I that I will, Asses were made to bear.

Tail. Come, come, what wilt you be angry now, you wasp?

Kate. If I be a wasp, then thou hadst best beware of my sting, or else pluck it out.

Tail. What with my tongue in your tail; not so Kate, I am a Gentleman.

Kate. A Gentleman, what's your Coat of Arms pray you, a Cocks-comb?

Tail. No a come-lets Cock, so Kate will be my Hen.

Kate. No Hen of yours Sir, you look so like a Crabben.

Tail. Pox but Kate, you must not look so sooty.

Cupids Master-Piece.

Kate. So too, its my fashion when I see a
Crab, and so farewell.

Fairer then *Diana*, chaster then *Susanna*,

O let me thy favour merit.

When as the Fountains, overflow the Mountains,

Then shalt thou my love inherit.

The greeting of a Lover to his Dearest, after a
long absence.

Welcome, my best beloved welcome, your
sight is life's restorative to me, you are
more welcome to me my dearest, then day to the
world or rest to the wearied, or gold to the most
covetous Miser in the world; such is the joy
I finde in your happy company: So that this
day seems to be a day of Jubilee unto me.

A brief Description of Women.

All you that Women love,
And like the amorous trade,
Come learn of me, what Women be,
And whereof they are made.

Their hands are made of Rash,
Their mindes are made of Sey,
Their love is like Silk changeable,
It lasteth but a day:

Their glory springs from Sattin,
Their vanity from Feather,
Their beauty is Stand farther off,
Their conscience is of Leather,
Of Fustian's their discourse,

Cupid's Master-Piece.

But Canvas fits them best;
Perpetuana is their folly,
Their earnest is but jest.
Their Life is Love and Idleness,
Their doing is their pleasure,
They lawless are, yet all their ware,
They buy by standing measure.
Their Fore-parts are of Rue,
Their hinder parts of Dockes,
Of hardest Brasile are their Hearts,
Their Heads are made of Boxe.
Or if in plainer termes,
Withall you would be dealt,
Of Beaver are their tender Thighes,
Their Skins are made of Felt.

A pleasant Discourse between a Bridegroom
and a Bride, on their Bridal night.

Bridegr. **W**ill you not come to bed my dear,
why do you so delay: come let me
help you.

Bride. To bed sweet-heart, why are you so
sleepy?

Bridegr. No, but I shall be worse, if you look
sad and melancholly: come prithee my dear let
me to bed: why dost thou blush? let me annoy
thee, be not coy, but smile.

Bride. Alas I feel my self not well my love.

Bridegr. Its onely bashfulness my dear, the

Cupids Master Piece.

make you wel , there's no such phisick as your husbands warm arms.

Bride. Be not so hasty my dearest, we steal not our content, there's time enough.

Brideg. Do you then already cease to love me?

Bride. No think not so, for I do love thee dearly.

Brideg. To bed then I shall give better credit to thee be not so cold a lover.

Bride. My passion's now o'er, and now my dearest I hast to thy embraces.

Brideg. Welcom my comfort and delight, and thus I fold my arms about thee.

Bride. And thus about thee my dear bliss, I twine like the female Ivie.

Brideg. Come then let me kiss thee, let me kiss again and again, and multiply them to an infinite increase.

Bride. Spare not, for they are thy own, dear heart.

The gallant Sea-mans resolution concerning Marriage.

O what strange passions came on board me that I should marry! was I drunk? Why to say truth what can I do at home now? what a horrible thing would it be to have horns brought me to sea, to look as if the Devil were in the ship, and all the great Tempests would be thought to be of my raising, and should be

Cupids Master-Piece.

the general course of all Merchants: and yet perhaps they are as deep in as my self, that's my comfort. O that a Seaman should like to be married, what need I to have been shackled thus with a wife, and be at charges to keep her for other mens diets, well if I were once rid of this, I would never play the fool again.

*One whose choise was either to be Hanged,
or married.*

LO here's the Bride, and there's the Tree,
Take which of these best liketh thee.

The choise is bad on either part,

The Womans worst; drive on the Carr.

Dick of the Country his woing of Jone of
the Milk pail.

Dick. **M**^y pretty Chicken how doest thou?
how fares thy body? Didst not think
me almost lost?

Jone. I gave thee for dead in good faith love,
and was in the humour to marry another man.

Dick. Sure thou wast not, thou doest but
jest I trow.

Jone. Truly I was. and could you blame me,
is it not a torture think you for a woman to stay
seven years without a husband.

Dick. He thinks my browes begin to bud al-
ready, they are very knotty; hast thou grafted a
my thing there? I suspect it shewdly. How
comes your belly so big?

Cupid's Mal'ce-Piece.

Jone. Its nothing but a *Companie*, I am troubled with.

Dick. Come you are a *W*oman. He have you before a Justice.

Jone. Spare me, I pray thee gentle Dick, and hearken to my counsel a little: since thou art a Cuckold (as I do not deny it) shew whether thou wilt wear thy horns on thy fore-head, for all men to see, or put them in thy pocket, and let no man see them.

Dick. Why then I am a Cuckold it seems: have not I travelled well, and to good purpose but do so no more, and all is forgotten.

Jone. It is so, if you stay at home to keep me warm, but if you leave me, have at your head the.

The Praise, and Dispraise of Women.

Women, the wo of Men, cause of Mans fall,
You whom Philosophers terms Monsters all;
I love your Sexe, even from my heart and soul,
From my affections, which do both controul.
And I would spend the lives of fifty men,
If possible, to praise you with my pen,
And paint your worth; but you your selves do know,
To paint your selves better then I can show:
But if my praises may your favour win,
He set you forth, and thus I will begin.
O you are kinde, and kinder far then man,
And equalize your kindness, no man can,
O you are fair, let me that fair unsay;

Cupids Master-Piece.

So's a bright night, compar'd with a stormy day.
Some say you have no vertue, but they lye,
For you prove constant in unconslancy.
Why you are every thing; Mans whole delight,
I speak for Day; let them that know for Night.

The merry simple wooing and winning of Jone of
the Cream pot, by a Country Farmer.

Farm. **N**ay say, sweet Mistress Jone, here's
none but one friend (as they say) de-
sires to speak a cold word or two with you; how
do you bee your self this frostie morning?

Jone. What have you to do to ask, I pray
you? I am a cold.

Farm. It seems you are not good Mrs. Jone.

Jone. You lie though, I am as cold as ice:
feel else.

Farm. Nay you ha cooled my courage Jone,
I am past, I ha done feeling with you.

Jone. Done with me, I do desire you so I do,
to say you ha done with me.

Farm. Do you mistake Jone, I mean not as
you mean: no, b'ing but that Dog that will say
that I ever struck him, or any Cat in the town
that will swear on a Book, that I have so much
as set fire on their tails.

Jone. Do you love me then John?

Farm. Love you, what need you question that,
I sweat as ice, burning in love: well we will be
married to-morrow.

Cupid's Malice-Piece.

Jone. No haste John to hang true folk, soft
fire makes sweet Malt:

Yet John cheer up thy better Leg before,
This is a deed is once done, and no more.

John. And then 'tis done for ever, as they say,
For each man hath his hour, each dog his day.

Ile get my leather doublet new foxbush'd, and
a pair of twisps to swaddle my legs. for we must
dance on that day sure, and who can dance in
boots?

Jon. Even as you list good John, I am all
yours, as they say.

Thus can Country Swain-lings wo,

And express as hot their desire;

Live to love, and love to prove,

Height and heat of *Cupid's* fire.

And a Silibub they'll make,

While their Lovers sue and seek

For their love; and do partake,

Of the blifs that all do seek.

A May Day Song.

Come sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the Maids we'll be;

For to spin out the thrid of Sands,

Playing at Questions and Commands.

Or tell what strange tricks love can do,

By quickly making one of two.

Next we will act how lovers woe,

And sigh and kiss, as Lovers do;

Cupid's Matter-Piece.

And talk of Brides, and who shall make,
That Wedding Smock, that Bridall Cake;
What Poesies for our Wedding Rings,
What Gloves we'll give, and Ribonings:
Thus having talkt, we'll next commend,
A Kiss or two, and so we'll end.

To present a pair of Gloves.

Sweet daign to draw these on thy fair white hands
And when you wear them think my being hands
Solely at your appointment. Would that Love,
(by his great power) would change me to a Glove:
Your fair hand then should ever more be kist,
And I would ever dwell about your wrist.

An amorous Complement between a Young
Man, and a beautiful Damsel.

Gent. **S**weet Ladie, being wounded by your
beautie, I acknowledge it a merue if
you kill me not.

Maid, Sir, though I am not guilty of offence,
yet rather then I will be accounted a murthe-
rer, I will studie to preserve so sweet a model
as your self.

Gent. Fairest then I tel you, I must love you.

Maid. I see no necessity that I should love
you, yet I confesse you are a proper man.

Gent. Withes do not mock me, do but look
in my heart, where you shall see what you can
not despise; there I've hath made you a thome

Cupid's Master-Piece.

to sit and rule, all my thoughts obeying and honouring you as their Queen.

Maid. But who can see this heart you boast of?

Gent. Alas it's easie for your eyes to pierce into, but your frowns make it seem cold: But make it yours, and you shall see it spring, and see pay you in a full harvest of content: but mi- take not, I say my heart is cold, not my love.

Maid. And yet your love is from your heart I warrant.

Gent. I say my heart is cold, but yet my heart is fervent still, besides my heart is not my own but yours, you have it; and while you have it, if you keep it not warm in your bosome, how can it but be cold?

Maid. Well soe, notwithstanding your rhetoricke, I shall without any art at all give you a final answer; Your suite is hopeless: And so farewell.

The Young Mans Sonnet.

IS she not wondrous fair? But I do see,
She is too much, too fair, too sweet for me.
Just as the Sun me thinks, I see her face,
Which I must gaze upon, but not embrace.
So sure 'tis heavens pleasure she should be sent,
As pure to heaven again, as she was lent.
And bids us we would hope for bliss,
Not to prophane her with a mortal kiss.
Alas how cold my Love doth grow, how hot;

Cupid's Master-Piece.

O how I love her, how I love her not,
So doth my Ague Love torment by turnes,
As now it freez's, now again it burnes.

Coridon and Phillida, the Shepheard and the
Shepheardefe.

Phil. **S**hepheard why do you follow me thus?

Cor. **S**How can I but follow sweet when my
heart is with you.

Phil. **W**ith me, tell me then where and how
I shall restore it.

Cor. **I**t hangs upon your eyes and being there
sought with disdain. it flies for ease to your Ro-
se lips; but being beaten thence also by your
harsh denials, faine would it come here for har-
bour; for pittie then (fair Pimph) receive it,
and if you can, teach it the hardness of your own.

Phil. **W**ell then if my heart be so hard as you
make it, it glads me that its strong enough to
be a fence to my honour.

Cor. **W**hat the sheep to be guarded, when
there's no Wolf near?

Phil. **C**an the sheep be safe when there is a
Dog of prey within, I cannot cherish in my
breast, the man that would wrong my chastitie.

Cor. **T**hen cherish me, who never attempted
to cast the least spot on your white innocence.

Phil. **T**he more fool you, perhaps if you had,
it needed not to have come to this.

Cor. **Y**es, you may remember, although I

Cupid's Master-Piece.

Phil. Well Shepheard, look you neber on me
more, for I cannot love at all; or if at all, not
you: let this suffice you.

Cor. This distracts me more: but since my
presence offends you, I must obey: but when I
am dead the Martin of your beauty, if I thought
you would shed one poore tear on my untimely
grave, and say I was unfortunate, to love where
I might not be loved again, my ashes would find
rest: And farewell the fairest, but yet the cruel-
lest Shepheards all be.

The delicate wooing between Oliver and
Rebecca.

Oliv. **T**hou art a brave wench Rebecca, come
kiss me: wilt thou be a Lady?

Rebec. Sir, I have no such ambition.

Oliv. Ile buy thee a Parrot to morrow and
a Donkey, here take this Ring.

Rebec. Pray keep it, and let me tell you my
minde.

Oliv. And ile tell thee then, I know thou lo-
vest me; and prithe tell me plainly, when shall
we matrimoine it, I know thou dost on my
good parts, speak, dost not: prithe be not bashful.

Rebec. When know I do not love you.

Oliv. When I have lost all my labour.

Rebec. I question not but it will appear so,
for I must tell you the truth; I cannot love you:
and let this suffice you.

This

Cupids Master-Piece.

This Song in her praise.

These Eyes which set my fancies all on fire,
These crisped Hairs which held my heart in
That dainty Hand that conquers my desire (chains;
That Wit which of my heart doth hold the reins,
O Eyes, that pierce our eyes without remorse,
O Heart, of worth to wear a royal crown,
O Head, that conquers more then *Cæsars* force,
O Wit, that turns the world even upside down:
Then Love be judge, what heart can thee withstand;
Such Eyes, such Hair, such Wit, and such a Hand.

A Letter from a Home spun Lover.

Dearst Duckling, be it known unto you.
and to all men; that I have pist blond three
dates and three nights since I last saw you, and
received that unwomanly answer from you:
blinde Cupid forgive you. for I am utterly un-
done by you.

Here followes their woing.

Clow. **O** Jug, how do I love thee?

Jug. **O** say, thou knowest best, but I fear I
shall never die with loving you.

Clow. **No** Jug, but I warrant thou wouldst
if thou hadst but a bit of me.

Jug. **Why** would you should you think so: did you e-
ver see me call a sheeps etc at you? or did my nose
bleed in your companie? And as she spake it bled.

Clow. **How** now Jug, who's in love now?

Jug. **Not** I upon my benettie, howeuer you

A Table.

In the Second Part.

- 1 A pastorall Song.
- 2 Patient Grissel.
- 3 A Song between truth and ignorance.
- 4 Judith and Holofernes.
- 5 In praise of the English Rose.

In the Third Part.

- 1 A Maidens choise twixt age and youth.
- 2 As I came from VValsingham.
- 3 The winning of Cales.
- 4 Of Edward the third and a Countess.
- 5 The Spanish Ladies Love.
- 6 A farewell to love.
- 7 The Lover by his gifts thinketh to conquer Chastity.
- 8 The womans answer.

FINIS.